

Jasmine Hall & Angelica Grimes**"We Ready"**

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{Behind Hook}

I feel the master, Phat boy and D-Lo

Ya'll ready, they ready

C'mon, C'mon

Rasheeda she ready, we ready

Archie, you ready, we ready

C'mon, C'mon, C'mon, C'mon

You ready

Archie, Rasheeda, we ready

{Chorus:}

We ready (What, what)

We ready (What, what)

We ready (We ready, we ready)

For y'all (Come on, we ready, come on)

We ready (We ready for)

We ready (We ready for)

We ready (We ready for)

For y'all (We ready, we ready)

{Archie:}

Ain't no question bout who the best

Macy gon' lay the track and Archie come to do the rest

Step in the way, multiple shots are goin' through ya chest

You must have called Pastor Troy cause boy you is blessed

And I'ma take him out the game y'all

It ain't no thang y'all

You wanna buck, I'll rip you up like a chainsaw

The game's raw, boy please believe it

Keep your bible with you cause you gon' be needin' Jesus

Fiendin' for chart-toppin' hits

And Archie ain't gon' stop droppin' shit

I'ma make a million dollars then stand on the top of it

Rockin' it, till the day I die in this game

Archie with the Phat Boy addin' the fire to the fame

{Hook 2x's}

{Rasheeda:}

Who came to crank this bitch up like a new Lac (Lac)
It be that diva Rasheeda, so holla back (back)
We crackin on these niggas switch,
Hatin on them snitches (snitches)
And in the mean time playa I be stackin riches, (riches)
I switch positions
Now its Phat boy and D-LO
And we ain't ready for you nigga's commin throught
the door
I told ya'll once before boy aint no I in teams (teams)
Now ATL will know Rasheeda, now what chu mean (now
what you chu mean)
I got my enemy in sight and my target locked
Man fuck these busters, Kurt pull it and let em drop
(and let em drop)
I'm off da meter pull the heater from out my purse
(purse)
And break these niggas off somthin pullin up their
skirts (skirts)
I leave the game hurt WHAT!

{Hook 2x's}

{Archie:}

You ain't ready for us, cause you ain't ready for me
Courtney B chop and knock a nigga down to his knees
Stay as crunk as can be
Who keeps it crunker than we
Nobody that's why we comin throwin bows and them
knees
See our foes and they freeze
They be some suckas at heart
We ready for what you bringin so we bust ya apart
You bustas ain't hard, stack em up and knockin em
down
Another cop in the ground, boy, who stoppin me now
Choppin em down, see how quick you drop to the
ground
Playin to be raw with ya ball likes to knock you around
I done twisted up the game, there's a knot in it now
And if you didn't see it comin, Phat Boy lockin it down

{Hook 2x's}

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